

#1 JUNE '84

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What's Inside:



BLACK FLAG; THE MEAT PUPPETS; PIG-HEIST



He looked around the room.

From where he was chained he
could see almost everything.

- and more -



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CONTRIBUTORS

anita S. - pg. 15, 37



Candy

eric fitz - pg. 27

jean

mac everhardt

midi

pamela gawn - pg. 26

poe



sydney kidd

vln

WE WANT YOU:
PHOTOS - CARTOONS
STORIES - REPORTS

THIS MAN IS CONSIDERED A GREAT INTELLECTUAL



PHOTO: PAMELA GAWN

This is William Burroughs. This is the only time he will appear in Dr. Smith. He is probably one of the most evil, misogynist (and respected) writers around - and full of hatred, and totally lacking in emotion.

Bald Bill believes that the problem of over-population would be solved by a pill (which he claims is already in existence - but who can believe anything he says?) enabling only males to be born, so that in a few generations there would be a "reduction of population!" Bill expressed surprise that the inventor, Dr. Postgate, "received hate letters from the women (sic) community - and he's not even a homosexual himself." (Silly Bill - isn't he supposed to be so experienced in the ways of the world? He should know you don't have to be a homosexual to hate women.)

Well, how did you like Bill's plan? This man is considered a great intellectual.

How women could applaud him is beyond me - what if blacks applauded Margaret Mitchell for writing 'Gone With the Wind'? It makes me sick the way people shell out their dough to grovel at his feet, hang onto every sour word.

I guess some people like to pay to be told they're shit.

- CANDY -



243

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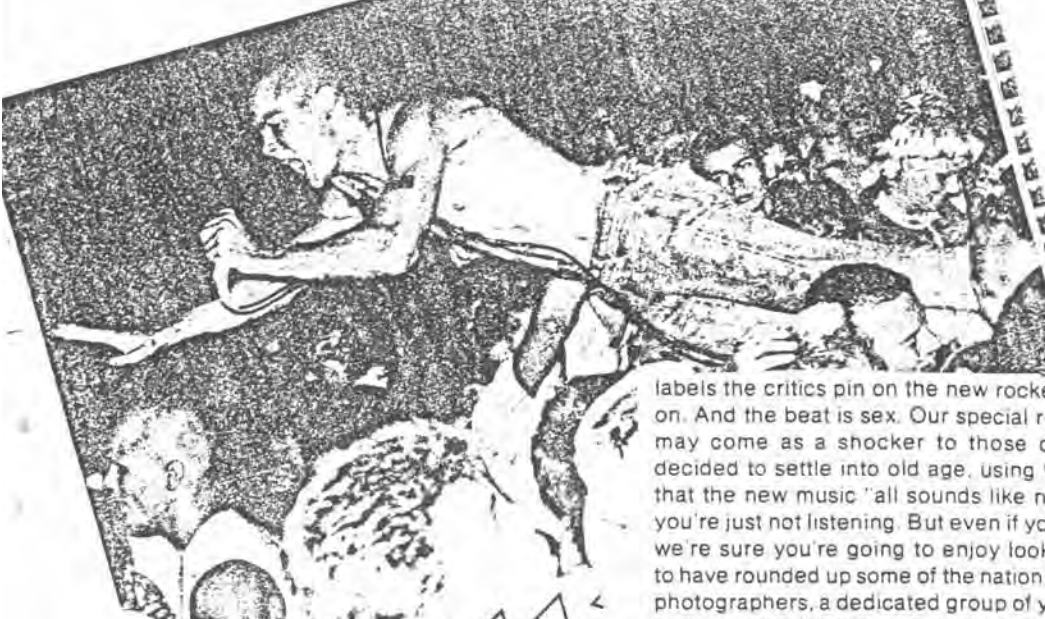
Susan Dee

Donna's UP



Donna's DOWN





whatever labels the critics pin on the new rockers, the beat goes on. And the beat is sex. Our special rock-and-roll issue may come as a shocker to those of you who have decided to settle into old age, using the cliché excuse that the new music "all sounds like noise to me." If so, you're just not listening. But even if you're not listening, we're sure you're going to enjoy looking. We're proud to have rounded up some of the nation's top "new music" photographers, a dedicated group of young people who brave smoke-filled rooms, sweat-stained walls and wild slam-dancers to capture the current club scene, a modern free-for-all where words like "gay" and "straight" have no meaning for a whole new generation of outrageously sexy kids. The future is here, and it's cool.

△ **JOHN DOE:** Spontaneous combustion in tight, dirty Levi's John Doe is the Lord Byron of L.A.'s new music scene. He's the masculine machine that drives X America's most-touted existential rockers, whose hit list includes "Blue Spark," "Hungry Wolf" and "Los Angeles."

DO STRAIGHT BOYS HAVE MORE FUN? Could be. Take the Whiskey-A-Go-Go for instance. Here at L.A.'s legendary heterosexual rock club, we see Henry Rollins of Black Flag, with head shaved, shirt torn off and muscles flying. Maybe it pays to be hot. After all, some lucky stiff's sure gonna enjoy Henry's landing. (photo by Ed Colver)

...leering sex, stylized destruction, professional punk rock of quality—into a rock show to end all, a two-hour spectacle of Babylonian proportions.

BOYS KEEP SWINGING

SOME CALL IT "FLIPSIDE": Meet the Butthole Surfers, just some of the fun guys who populate the pages of *Flipside*, the best little rockzine in the world. *Shawnee* during...

club reviews are up to date, and the photos are often as good as this one. You'll also find...

In 1981, Black Flag recruited their current frontman, 21 year old **Henry Rollins**, and his arrival resulted in a quantum leap in the band's popularity. With Rollins' perfect charisma of menace and his muscular, handsome appearance, Black Flag now has what has been missing since the death of Darby Crash—a magnetic focal point for the entire subculture.

The live Black Flag experience brings out an evil aura in their audience, a possession. We caught them up close at a secret, unannounced show last fall. Henry Rollins, shirtless and sweaty, veins bulging across his muscles, hypnotized the crowd with an odd stare. He prowled the stage, cornered a would-be stage diver and wrestled him to the floor. He then delivered an entire song while straddling the squirming boy. He picked out a girl to serenade with a composition of his own that begins, "My name's Henry, and you're with me now." The music was so powerful that the slam dancing became rougher than any I had seen before. The world turned upside down. The next day, I surveyed my bruises and scrapes in the bathroom mirror and was reminded of my experiments with S&M.



CHRIS D: The lead singer-songwriter of the talented L.A. group, The Flesh Eaters. Their powerful 1982 album *Forever Came Today* will not remind you of the Jacksons. This band has butch written all over it, and Chris D's searing vocals underline it all.

△ **DEE DEE RAMONE:** Prototypical punk pinup from the Ramones, Dee Dee discharges more sexual energy than Times Square on a Saturday night—territory he well knows. A black leather angel, best known for the classic singles "Sheena Is a Punk Rocker" and "I Want to Be Sedated."

The first good wave of release had arrived. With a war whoop, I tore into a knot of slamming bodies like a bowling ball hitting the pins. Inside the knot, we were going at it vigorously, all covered with each other's sweat. I caught this kid's eyes with mine and body-blocked him as hard as I could, trying to make him mad. He hit me back, knocking me into someone else, who caught me. I went for him again, but we were separated by a rolling wave of bodies, all falling down. The floor was slippery wet with sweat and steam.

When I first started covering punk bands, I didn't know what to expect when answering the obvious question, "Who do you write for?" Not once was there any hint of hostility when the "gay thing" came out—just surprise or a little attractive nervousness. This segment of the Reagan generation doesn't seem to give a damn about gay or straight. Young manhood is measured and celebrated in their own rites, unconditionally. The witch is dead.

"Journalism" swiped from 'In Touch for Men' magazine



Nig-Heist- hardiecores w/hippie wigs, tight beefy wrestler underwear, sex tights and snotty faces- singing about tight pussy and demanding that boys in the audience grab and buttfuck the nearest chick. Like WOW, y'know like get involved fellows! Like, get hyper over f-holes. Forgivingly so, Torontonians stood by, bored and uninspired- dismissing any effective form of audience participation. The music wasn't bad at all though, still- Nig-Heist needed to do something different. Saw Henry Rollins from Black Flag after Nig-Heist's short-lived set and asked him if the worms were his friends. He said that they were just an acquaintance. I asked him why their performance was based on the degradation of females. "Actually," he said, "They're real nice guys and they got girlfriends and everything. You see, their lyrics are just gross enough so people will react against their sexist logic. (To reassure feminism throughout?) Thought I, uh uh- great front guys. You enjoyed it too much, performing "suck me, my meat, watch me beat" etc. Did the Archie Bunker creation really help anti-prejudiced awareness? Maybe to those who already had it, but to those who didn't...well... Any performer who expresses evil or poor morals in their character will receive some applause in their presence because performers are performers in order to relieve vanity and therefore always insist on displaying compassion in their mere presence. And I did notice a couple of stupid drunks in the audience who loved Nig-Heist and obviously knew nothing about Irony but loved IRON-hard sex talk. Well why don't we say we erase this persecution, Nig-Heist are just another form of comedia del Arte. Here's an idea- stop whackin' the female anterior. A lot of these types do come in peace- not piece. Henry said he won't buy women who wail about persecution cos he's been persecuted too. "You see," said Henry, "I lived in this black neighborhood twenty years of my life. I've gotten beaten, skinned, mugged, knifed, you name it, man. All those blacks...grrr..." And all those women too, right Henry? And how RIGHT is Henry?



photos-candy

OK, let's welcome the Puppets-

Meat Puppets that

is- christened at a

BBQ? How is it that

some people are able

to write amazing music

without any godly or

condescending messages,

perform it in their own

inventive rite, make you

chuckle and hoedown. And!

You feel good for being

there. Puppets don't take

anything from you- they

just give. Because there

was no booze being served

at the hall the bands were

allowed to play for as long

as they wished. The Puppets

played for a damn good hour.

I have no idea what they really

sing about, but I believe it,

and I don't really think it mat-

ters. The band is made up of

brothers Curt and Cris and good friend Derrick. If one were stuck with a sandy desert up one's nose, confused but wanting to sneeze...

that simple human experience would mystify

itself into the Meat Puppets. They're aware that they've got shnot up

their noses. So relaxed, but not relaxed, they can be quicker than almost

anyone in terms of hardcore mathematics. But they also play good ol' slow

covers like Polk Salad Annie, Blue Suede Shoes, some Creedence and ZZ Top.

It must be good old unabashed honesty. They admit their geographical

roots- southwestern dry metallic swamp-rock. W000000 W00000!! All this

on Church and Shuter, it blew away the skindependents. A Meat Puppet helper

came up and said, "You guys here dress like you're from Britain or some-

thin'." You shoulda seen them thar hardiecores doin' thar perfect rustlin'

around. Cattle man, thar like cattle with infectious sores. See lahk the

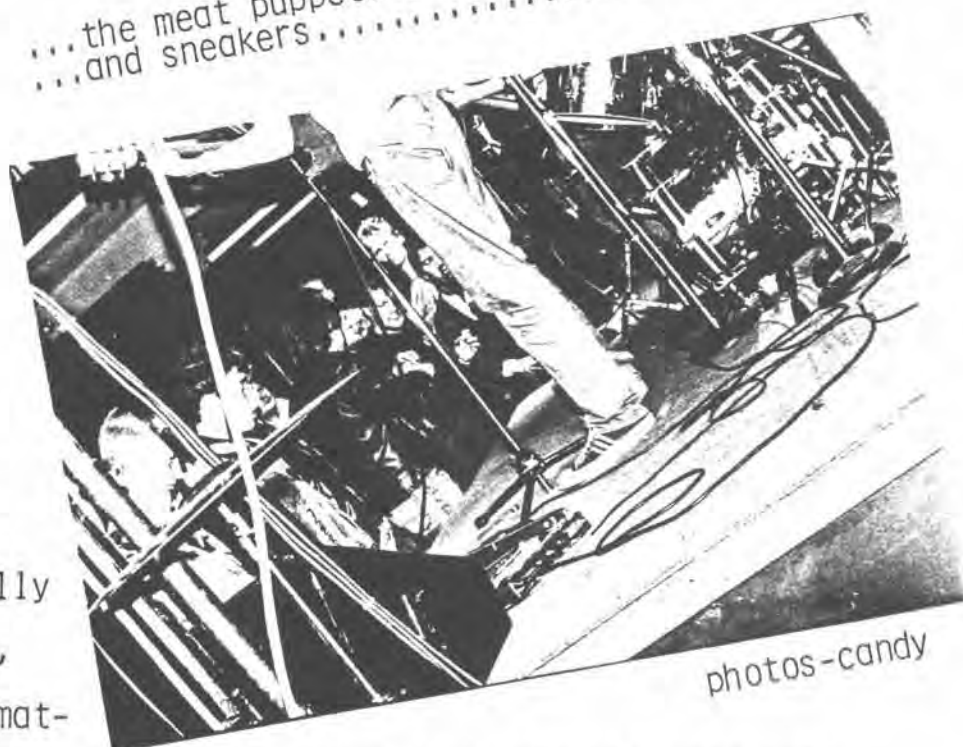
Puppets devise the order of their set to confuse some cattle and make a

statement about the unpractical regulations of hardcorology. Derrick

Bostrum confirmed my suspicions. When the Puppets lay out their set,



...the meat puppets are like...t shirts...
...and sneakers.....



photos-candy

it's fast rarhh rahrr rarhh then slow dismembered Neil Young, then fast rarhh...Anyway you get the point- well some did and some didn't- but who cares, it's their blood, not mine.

After the Puppets flew away, in plopped a heavy metal ruck compilation of ooyas and neee-neee-neee guitar. Black Flag were setting up, the centre ring of chained bulls were flaring their nostrils, sanding their hooves in preparatition for da big fight, da big night- oomph a go-go. The band came on and did this amazing theme. One melody over and over again, it was simple, throbbing, and it went on for ten to fifteen minutes, it was pure pendulum composition. Incredible power displayed in the way you hear a twang, throb and boom. MASSIVE threshold- justified sound to accompany a justified "Kill! Kill!" lyric. And Henry made his entrance in the same way James Brown would. The boys in centre ring started to grunt and wriggle. One Puppet said, "Uh oh, here it comes- the homosexual convention of

Henry with his Lancelot locks shorts. We now resemble to Manson. In fact, Sadie Mae Glutz melting on the Henry's stage, his mike while core drooled in expression over



the year." new image, and Adidas notice his to ol' Charlie there was a lookalike fringes of catching the cattle-Cro-Magnon Henry flexing

his dick. Oh by the way there was the good odd song here and there. The band is starting to borrow some old Black Sabbath rhythm and yet it's definitely their own. Kira is a bass player for all seasons. It's not evil but what was once a spontaneous physical expression is now a Viking contest for physical strength. Not one short person could play the game. " I don't get it- how could they take advantage of people just because they play good music? We play good music 'cause we wanna make people happy." - Derrick Bostrum

The people in the audience stole the show from Black Flag. It's not really good or bad but interesting to know that whatever criticisms attach themselves to the movement, the people really do make the event.

- Sydney Kidd

-Puppet Newsflash-

Cris Kirkwood the dad of brand new twin puppets!



...Henry flexing his dick...



photos-candy



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1ST WITH THE NEWEST
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God's male and that's that, Scots churchmen say

By Stephen Handelman
Toronto Star
EDINBURGH — God is a male, the Church of Scotland has decided.

A counter-motion on the floor claimed the report was futile unless it similarly investigated the devil's sexual characteristics.

Dead Japanese Canadians may be walking around as KGB spies?

VANCOUVER, B.C. — Soviet spies carrying names of dead Japanese Canadians? Impossible? Not so, according to author John Picton writing on the recent death of alleged Soviet spy, George Victor Spencer, of Vancouver, an English-born Canadian. One of Spencer's assignments was to get names from gravestones. No one knows, or can even guess, how many dead men and women are functioning around the world on behalf of the Soviet spy network. Presumably to cover those of their agents who have accents, Spencer was asked

to get photographs of headstones carved with "foreign-sounding" names. In one case, he specifically was asked for the name of anyone Japanese.

for mother and daughter
Bright, Carefree,

MUU MUUS

Gay Hawaiian fashions from

She gets 90 days for raping other woman

SEATTLE (UPI) — Raquel Teresa Anderson, convicted of raping another woman, began crying and fainted in court when she was ordered to spend 90 days in jail. Anderson, 30, was convicted of second-degree rape for sexually assaulting a 33-year-old woman. The jury was told that Anderson, who weighs about 200 pounds, invited the victim into her home for a drink, then held her down, tore her clothing and assaulted her. Judge Jerome Johnson also placed Anderson on three years' probation. "Nothing happened," Anderson told Johnson. "I want to appeal. I am not a lesbian and not an alcoholic." Johnson allowed Anderson to remain free without bail pending an appeal.

'Beirut corrals punk rockers'

BEIRUT, Lebanon (UPI) — Right-wing Lebanese militiamen have arrested hundreds of young punk rock music fans accused of violence, security sources said. The crackdown began last week. One militia source said 685 youths had been arrested on charges of "violent public behavior." The sources said many punk rockers, who dye their hair loud colors and pierce their skin with safety pins, were dragged out of discos and arrested walking down the streets of predominantly Christian east Beirut. The arrests followed rumors that at least five teenage girls had been killed by punk rock gangs. But police sources said they have no evidence that any girls were killed. "The word is that the punks are out killing," a police source in east Beirut said. "There is some fear. Restaurants in some areas seem a little empty. But where are the dead girls? There are no bodies." Some sources suggested the mystery killings were invented by the militia to justify their crackdown on punks, a new phenomenon in Lebanon that has shocked conservative Beirut residents.

"I COULDN'T take it anymore - so I cut off his penis!" said the sobbing woman as she told a tale of beatings and...





Woman guilty of assault on girl punkers

KITCHENER (Special) — A Kitchener woman who confronted and chased three young female punkers with a beer bottle and a knife will face the music in court Nov. 3.

Deborah Ann Petrie, 28, will be sentenced for common assault and possession of a dangerous weapon. A jury found her not guilty of assault with intent to wound.

County court was told Petrie and a friend were "cruising" around Kitchener after work Dec. 29 when they spotted three teenaged girls in punk garb and makeup.

Jennifer Jona, Kitchener, who wore punk makeup and clothes to court, said Petrie got out of the car, grabbed her coat collar and slammed her against the wall.

She said Petrie shouted at her "Let's see how tough you punkers really are."

Petrie, she said, was holding a beer bottle and a knife during the assault and when she ran away, Petrie chased her and jabbed at the air with the knife.

Justine Reiner, 16, and Silke Haller, 18, who were with Jonas, said they were terrified of Petrie.

They said it all started when Petrie swore at them from the car.

Petrie said she jumped out of her car and faced the trio after they swore at her and insulted her.

She said she had about eight beers prior to the incident, but denied threatening the girls with the beer bottle or her factory knife.



CRACKER JACK SURPRISE Sex in the box

SANTA ANA, Calif. (UPI) — John Iglesias tore open a box of Cracker Jacks to give to his two young sons but instead of the usual toy surprise inside, he got a tiny sex booklet.

"I was shocked," Iglesias said yesterday. "I was thinking it was going to be little pages of cartoons or little paste-on tattoos. When I tore it open and took it out of the little package, I found out what it was. I was sure surprised."

The four-inch by two-inch booklet, called *Erotic Sexual Positions*, featured photographs of nude men and women engaging in sexual intercourse. Calling itself the first in a series of erotic best-sellers, the tiny tome claims to divulge sexual secrets

from hidden jungle temples in the Amazon region of Brazil.

"All the time I was a kid, I never got anything like that in Cracker Jacks," said Iglesias, 25.

Betty Garrett, a spokeswoman for Columbus-based Borden Inc., which manufactures Cracker Jacks, said similar incidents occurred about a year ago and the firm took steps to put an end to it.

"We took extensive security measures to make sure this type of packaging problem did not occur again," she said, adding that only six boxes out of four million packaged annually have had problems.

She said the package opened by Iglesias must have been boxed before those measures were implemented.

sandals have an affinity for them, too.

Pattern and Fabric Information on page 78.
Accessories' Shopping Information: page 79.



Maralee patted her own immaculate blond locks and reflected that whatever personal crisis she might be going through, there was always time for grooming. Elaine was making a grave mistake letting herself go.

Art ...

... made mos

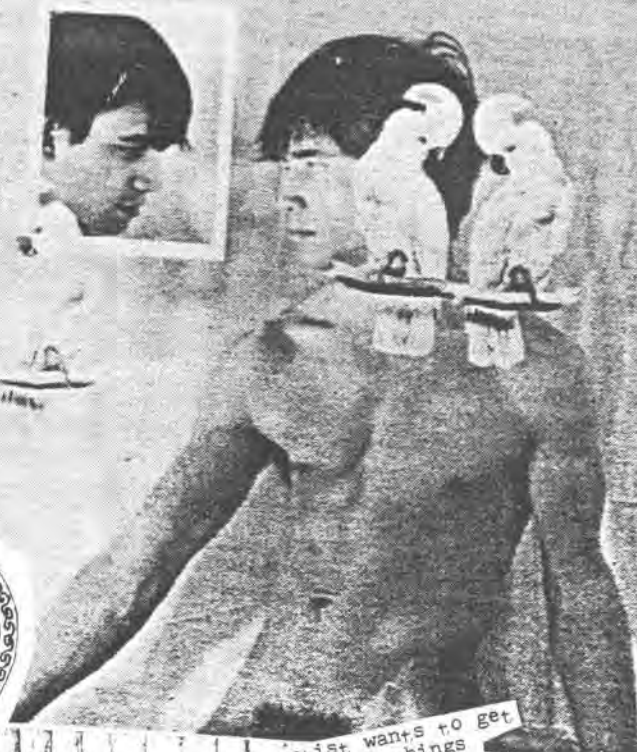
Only in recent years has the male form had the regard in the ancient times. A celebration of that form in modern times has elements of technique with a sense of elegance...a deft and refined sense of proportions we've combined the most exquisite of



community. They need to get that kind of feedback...
T: ...And to communicate to people that. Keeping art experienced that or felt the artistic community just perpetuates the whole ghettoization of art in general. I like that word -perpetuates-
P: I thought it was ghettoization you liked.
T: Perpetuate reminds me of pendulums and I like pendulums.....
P: ...I think that art is done not for other artists but for other people, non-artists.
T: It's not done for other artists, but one needs to have serious feedback FROM other artists in order to go on. Obviously one tries to create for other people, non-artists, etc.
T: I think the same criteria should be applied to gay art, gay artists do not only produce work to be viewed by gay audiences.
P: Although now most of them do.
T: ... If they want to get accepted in the gay community, if they want to get the grants from the Gay Community Appeal, if they want their names in the Body Politic...
P: Which defeats what could be half the purpose -which is to educate the people outside.
T: Well I think the purpose of art in general is to educate the people around again by not educating itself one. It simply glorifies an idea or a cause. It's simply ego boosting for the whole movement. -little pats on the back. People saying: "oh look at this beautiful painting" (naked men fucking)
P: ...Also it tends to perpetuate all the myths we've built up about ourselves. Like all the pretty young bodies, the typical dyke, it really doesn't have a lot to do with trying to analyze ourselves. I think one is to address the functions of culture, to analyze the culture but also it to criticism. I don't think gay art does that very much, instead what it does is applaud gay culture, applaud gay politics and how we behave.

...: A critical analysis of Gay Culture.
Trigger: A final statement, there is no critical analysis.
...: You said there was no gay culture.
Trigger: No! Is that what I said? I said there was no critical analysis.
...: No, you definitely said there was no gay culture, at which point I said I thought there was a gay culture.
Trigger: O.K. there is no gay culture.
...: I think there is a gay culture but it's a very false one. It tends to be a product of a political idea of what gay culture ought to be. Therefore anything that is done by a gay person, that shows something gay, (even if it's absolutely dreadful) becomes gay culture, and is looked upon as being O.K. Whereas if a gay artist is working in a totally non-gay area, like if they're not showing men copulating with men or soft focus photographs of women doing something then they're not in fact part of the gay culture. They're totally ignored. They're swept aside and that's where the great mistake lies because it's been made really artificial. ^{the finest}

Trigger: So you do think there is a gay culture but it's on a very superficial level.
...: VERY superficial.
Trigger: I agree with that.
...: It's not subject to the same sort of criticism non-gay art is and it should be. There's no excuse for protecting work that's bad simply because it has gay content.
Trigger: That's right. Just because there isn't enough of it or something. I mean I think it's really sad and it alienates the gay artist who wants to say something other than being gay.
...: Also even if one wants to say something about being gay one would tend to be put off by the fact that it's not really a serious artistic community that you're addressing. Whatever you do is not going to be subject to the kind of criticism that I think an artist needs. That's why artists have shows and why most artists belong to an artistic com-



Sandy Fried: Susan and Nancy (1978) Dough and acrylic 5' x 8' Photo
 © Martha Kuras Nancy Fried is an artist living in NYC.



WAVING the flag.
 yeah BABY
 A Pink cock in my coffe colored ASS
 BABY
 This is NOT so Ulgar AS some
 would like To think.
 yeah

I hard because any artist wants to get their work known, to have things published about them, would like blurbs and reviews about their shows etc. So on one hand, you have a gay artist, who feels they don't really want to partake in the myth of gay art, and sees the publicity end of it. If you bill yourself as a gay artist, you're going to get more attention that way. Instant audience and no controversy.

But surely that only works within the community and is not effective outside of it. It is further ghettoization of your situation as an artist, because then people on the outside (of the community) only see you as a gay artist. They don't take you seriously and can't see that you have anything else to say but how wonderful gay life is.

I object to having my art labelled. I don't want people to come with a certain perspective and attitude when viewing my work. Therefore if I were to have a show I would as little known about me as possible. I don't want any image of myself to clutter up people's ability to view my work and to bring what they have to it. I guess that's why I wouldn't want to be known as a lesbian artist 'cause all of a sudden people are going to have preconceived ideas. Maybe later on, or as an accident I wouldn't want to make it a major thing, my work as lesbian work. I don't think it's a major factor in my work anyway.

I've had pieces published that were definitely gay-oriented, and I can see on a very basic level the need for gay work that's sexually oriented, but now I'm trying to rethink the whole thing about being in gay only shows or women only shows. I feel a definite cut off from the rest of the art world because of the sexual restrictions over content that exist. But on the other hand you want people to see your work because you have something to say. So where does one draw the line and say: "no I don't want to be in this show 'cause it's labelled a gay art show."



That's a difficult question.
 T.: That's right. I want people to see my work. I don't necessarily have to produce pieces that say, "I'm gay, I'm gay isn't this great!"
 : Well I think it's good to show within the community if the opportunity comes up. It's also important to get outside the community as well. The fight to get outside the community and get gay work recognized in the art world (while not having a stigma attached to it) is really important. That's what's not being recognized within the gay community. It's not possible for us to have a good culture in a vacuum, it's got to go outside the barriers. It always has before. Look at all the people who have contributed to Western culture who have been gay.
 T.: But that fact is almost always recognized after they die.

: Although in the last two hundred years or so that hasn't always been the case. This gap can be bridged but not without effort, and we're certainly not getting any help from the gay community right now. They're just too eager to say "we've got a ready-made culture all our own" and we don't.

T.: Well I think the culture does have a history but now it's time to expand on the content.

: Yeah, I agree with that.

T.: You weren't even listening to me.

: Yes I was. I wasn't expecting you to stop so soon, you usually elaborate longer.

T.: Oh I see....o.k. yeah so this is generally what we've been talking about. Isn't it?

: Well stagnation, narrow mindedness and blind stupidity.

T.: I'd have to agree on the narrow mindedness and stagnation...

: But not blind stupidity?
 T.: Well I think that blind stupidity is a bit...

: ...A bit strong for a leadership that has totally derailed the movement?

T.: I thought you were going to use "derailed" for the next issue.

: O.K. we've gone off track.

T.: That's better.



: Did I tell you my joke about the Chattanooga Choo Choo?
 T.: About what?
 : Is the Chattanooga Choo Choo pertinent to our summation?
 : No... Gay Culture is a mess. Oh I thought you were going to tell me the Chattanooga Choo Choo joke... Well I wouldn't go so far as to say it is a mess, I'd say it was very misleading at this particular point in time.
 : I agree.



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IT OFF IS NOT MY IDEA OF A SMART INVESTMENT. SO WHATEVER HAPPENED TO FILM? REMEMBER SUPER 8? THOSE GREAT ADS IN THE 60'S PROMOTING HOME MOVIES — BOB AND CAROL, THE DOG, B.B.Q'ING WITH TED AND ALICE — THAT CRAZY COUPLE! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GOOD OLDE DAD WITH LITTLE SALLY IN THE SANDBOX — ROMAN POLANSKI, LOOK OUT. SUPER 8'S HISTORY HAS FOR THE MOST PART BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH THE HOME MOVIE CIRCUIT, THAT'S NOT ALTOGETHER BAD, BUT NOW DAD'S TIRED OF IT AND HE'S MOVED ON TO THE INSTAMATIC VERSION — VIDEO. IN THE MEANTIME SUPER 8 HAS BECOME AN INTERNATIONALLY FAVOURED FORMAT BY ARTISTS AND SUBVERSIVES (AS THOUGHT BY THE CENSOR BOARD). ART CENTRES SUCH AS THE FUNNEL, (TORONTO)

ZONE CINEMA (HAMILTON) K.A.A.I. (KINGSTON) PROMOTE FILM AND ARE NOT SHY ABOUT SUPER 8, PLACES SUCH AS THE FUNNEL ARE EVEN DEDICATED TO SUPER 8 PRODUCTION.

Q — SO WHY SHOULD YOU USE SUPER 8?

A — CINEMATIC HISTORY. WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE AN HISTORICAL RELATIONSHIP WITH CIAO MANHATTEN, VORTEX AND WEST SIDE STORY OR MORK AND MINDY, THE STANLEY CUP FINALS OR THE BEACHCOMBERS?

WHAT SOUNDS BETTER C.B.C. OR R.K.O.?

Q — DOESN'T FILM COST MORE THAN VIDEO?

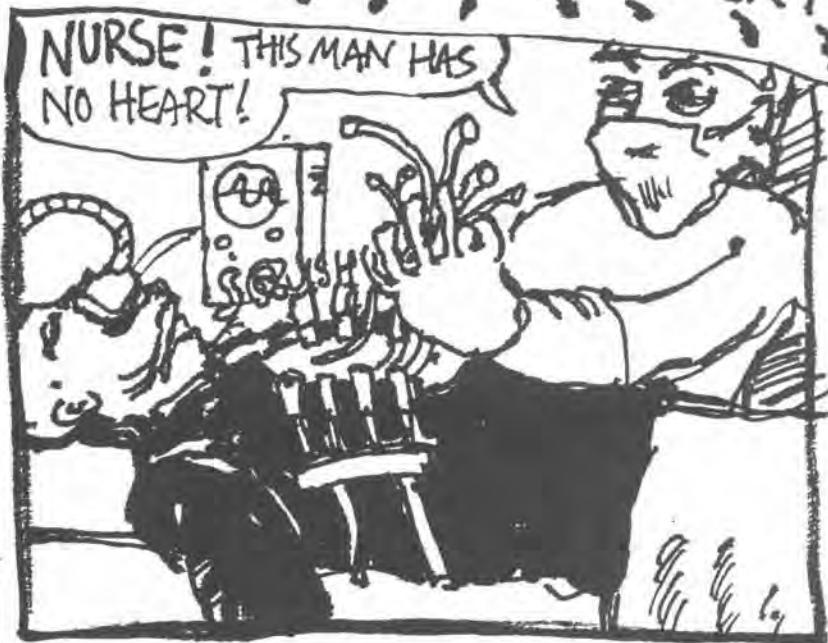
A — IT DEPENDS, GENERALLY I DON'T THINK THE DIFFERENCE IS THAT GREAT BUT THEN AGAIN IF YOU CAN AFFORD YOUR OWN VIDEO EQUIPMENT WHO WORRIES ABOUT

MONEY? TAPE IS CHEAP AND CAN BE RE-USED — FILM CAN'T. THIS ONLY MEANS YOU HAVE TO THINK A BIT WHEN USING SUPER 8. SUPER 8 CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS CAN BE PICKED UP CHEAPLY IN PAWN SHOPS, NEWSPAPER CLASSIFIEDS AND YOUR DAD'S CLOSET. ALOT OF PEOPLE ARE SELLING THEIR FILM EQUIPMENT AND BUYING VCR'S.

Q — ISN'T FILM DYING?

A — SLOWLY, BUT TOO MUCH OF OUR CULTURE IS FILM-RELATED; THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A HOLLYWOOD. T.V. IS TOO SMALL TO CONTAIN ALL THOSE EGOS.

DOCTOR SMITH performs OPEN HEART SURGERY



FUNNEL

507 King Street East

Telephone (416) 364-7003

SUMMER WORKSHOP SERIES

BASIC FILMMAKING *****
 SESSION #1: June 26, July 3, 10, 17
 Instructor: Jim Anderson
 SESSION #2: Aug. 7, 14, 21, 28
 Instructor: Midi Onodera
 COST: \$80. plus materials, 7-10pm

OPTICAL PRINTING *****
 July 31, Aug. 1, 2
 Instructor: Lorne Marin
 COST: \$60. plus materials, 7-10pm

LIGHTING *****
 June 25, July 2
 Instructor: Adam Swica
 COST: \$40. 7-10pm

SOUND RECORDING *****
 July 29, 30
 Instructor: Peter Chapman
 COST: \$50. 12-5pm

FILM PROCESSING *****
 Aug. 20, 22, 23
 Instructor: David Bennell
 COST: \$40, 3rd class optional: +\$20. 7-10

the Funnel is an artist-run centre for the production, exhibition, and promotion of artists' film and related arts.

For more information about membership, facilities and workshops call 364-7003 Mon.-Fri. noon-6pm

FUNNEL CATALOGUE IS NOW AVAILABLE



AS I LEFT THE HOUSE THAT DAY FOR WHAT SEEMED THE LAST TIME, THE EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW MONTHS FILLED MY MIND...



TIME FLEW BY. RICKY SEEMED SO INTERESTED IN MY WORK - HE WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THE ANIMALS. SOON HE OPENED UP TO ME...

AND EVER SINCE POOR ROVER DIED, I'VE NEVER HAD ANOTHER PET... SIGH... GOOD OLD ROVER



HEY - WE'VE BEEN HAVING A GOOD TIME! DON'T THINK ABOUT THE PAST -



HERE'S TO THE FUTURE!

CLINK

WE BEGAN TO SEE A LOT OF EACH OTHER AND RICKY BEGAN TO OPEN UP MORE, TO ENJOY LIFE ONCE AGAIN



ONE DAY...

HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
RICKY!

OH!!

RUFF

HE'S BEAUTIFUL, DAVID -
I'LL CALL HIM **JIFF**!

AT FIRST IT WAS GREAT - WE WENT FOR LONG WALKS IN THE PARK...

RICKY LOVED JIFF - NOTHING WAS
TOO GOOD FOR HIM. RICKY BOUGHT
HIM PRESENTS... TAUGHT HIM TRICKS...

... HE SPENT ALL HIS TIME WITH
JIFF.

BUT SOON...

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO A MOVIE
- JIFF CAN'T GO

DAMN IT RICKY - I'M
SICK OF YOU TREATING
THAT DOG LIKE A CHILD !!

NOW YOU'RE
EXAGGERATING!

OH YEAH? WELL YOU TELL
ME - WHEN'S THE LAST
TIME WE WENT OUT
WITHOUT THAT **MUTT**??

WHAT DID
YOU SAY!?



YOU HEARD ME -
I'M SICK OF
THAT STINKING
ANIMAL!



WELL IF THAT'S
THE WAY YOU
FEEL YOU CAN
JUST LEAVE!



FINE!!



WE SOON MADE UP BUT THINGS WEREN'T THE SAME - RICKY
BECAME DISTANT - HE SPENT MORE TIME ALONE WITH JIFF.

AND I HAVE THE BEST
SEATS IN THE HOUSE -

JIFF AND I WERE
GOING TO POP SOME CORN
AND WATCH A JUDY
GARLAND MOVIE...

BUT BRATWURST IS
YOUR FAVORITE GERMAN
ELECTROBAND!



IT GREW TO THE
POINT WHERE...

SORRY DAVE
YOU CAN'T
COME IN
TODAY-ER-
BECAUSE
JIFF IS
SICK



RICKY, WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO YOU - TO US ?

STAY OUT -
- OOF!

WHAT THE HELL
IS GOING ON HERE?
CHRIST! THIS
PLACE IS A
PIGSTY !!



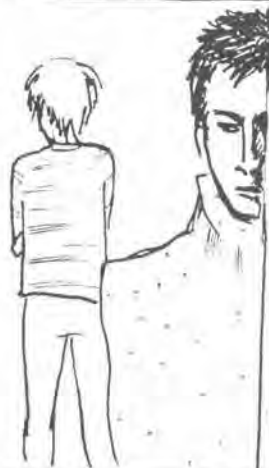
IT'S JIFF WHO'S COME
BETWEEN US! IT'S -
UNNATURAL!!

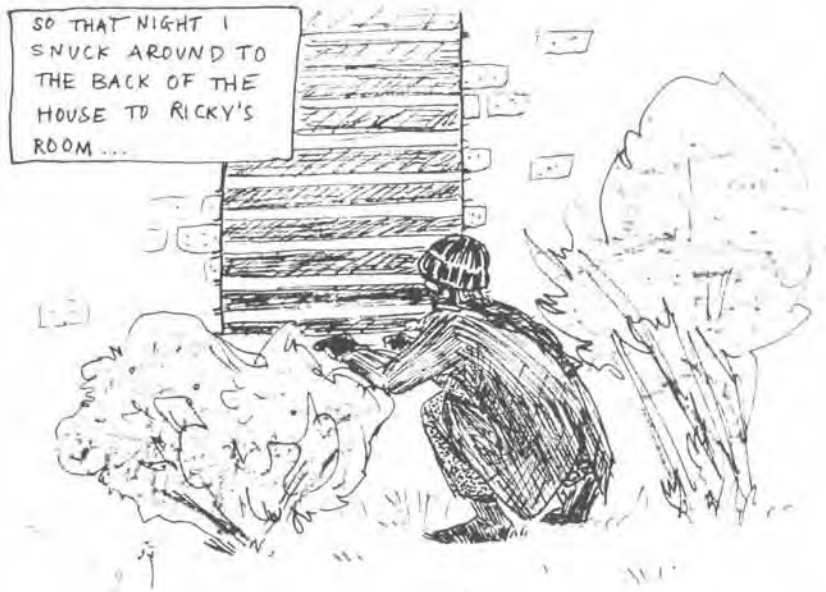


DON'T SAY
THAT!



ALL RIGHT. IF THAT'S THE
WAY YOU WANT IT ...I'LL LEAVE-
BUT I WON'T BE BACK





I WENT TO THE NEAREST BAR AND TRIED TO DRINK MYSELF INTO
A STUPOR - BUT VISIONS OF THE TWO OF THEM KEPT SWIMMING IN MY HEAD

I STILL LOVE
RICKY. IF ONLY I
COULD THINK OF A
WAY TO GET HIM
BACK - IF IT WEREN'T
FOR THAT DAMN DOG!
... THAT DOG...



...HMM...
THE DOG...



PERHAPS DUE TO MY DRUGGED STATE, A
BIZARRE IDEA CAME TO ME ...
I WAS DETERMINED TO CARRY IT OUT.

2 YEARS LATER

IT HAD TAKEN TIME, AND A TRIP TO A MAD SURGEON IN DENMARK, BUT I'D FINALLY FOUND THE WAY BACK INTO RICKY'S HEART -



ONLY THAT I DIDN'T DO IT SOONER, RICKY DEAREST!

THE END
by Candy

10
Chicken a la King (chicken
left from Sunday) on
Waffles (frozen or
homemade)
Canned Carrots
Pineapple Chunks

6
Broiled Sardines to Toast
with Mustard
Raw Vegetables
Canned Tomatoes
Canned Applesauce
Canned Peaches

Festive occasion on a brief shore leave

When he's ashore your Navy beau likes to dine at home in surroundings that in no way remind him of the Officers' Mess. Here is a simple setting.

Grilled pig's ears. OREILLES DE PORC GRILLEES—Boil or braise the ears and cut in two, lengthways. Coat with melted butter and breadcrumbs. Sprinkle with melted butter and grill gently.

• two-faced cake

• daisy-chain cake

JIFFY SCRAMBLED EGGS

1 tbsp. butter
2 eggs
salt and pepper to taste
2 tbsp. milk

Heat butter in 6-inch skillet over medium-high heat until just hot enough to sizzle a drop of water. Break eggs into bowl, add milk, salt and pepper. Scramble with a fork. Pour into skillet and continue stirring with fork until eggs are thickened throughout but still moist.
Serves 1

Yankee Doodle Salad

Popular macaroni and cheese with a new twist—and a main dish and salad in one.

Makes 4 servings

1 can (about 1 pound) macaroni in cheese sauce
½ pound unsliced bologna, cubed
1 cup sliced celery
½ cup chopped sweet pickles
2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 head iceberg lettuce, quartered

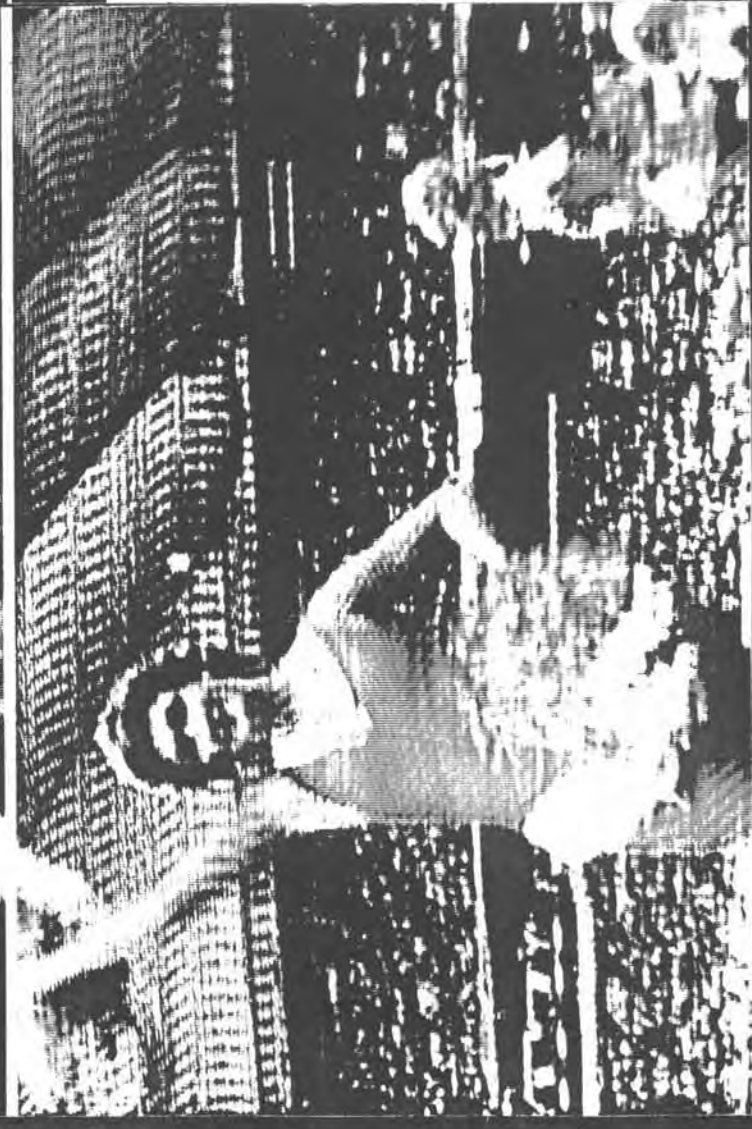
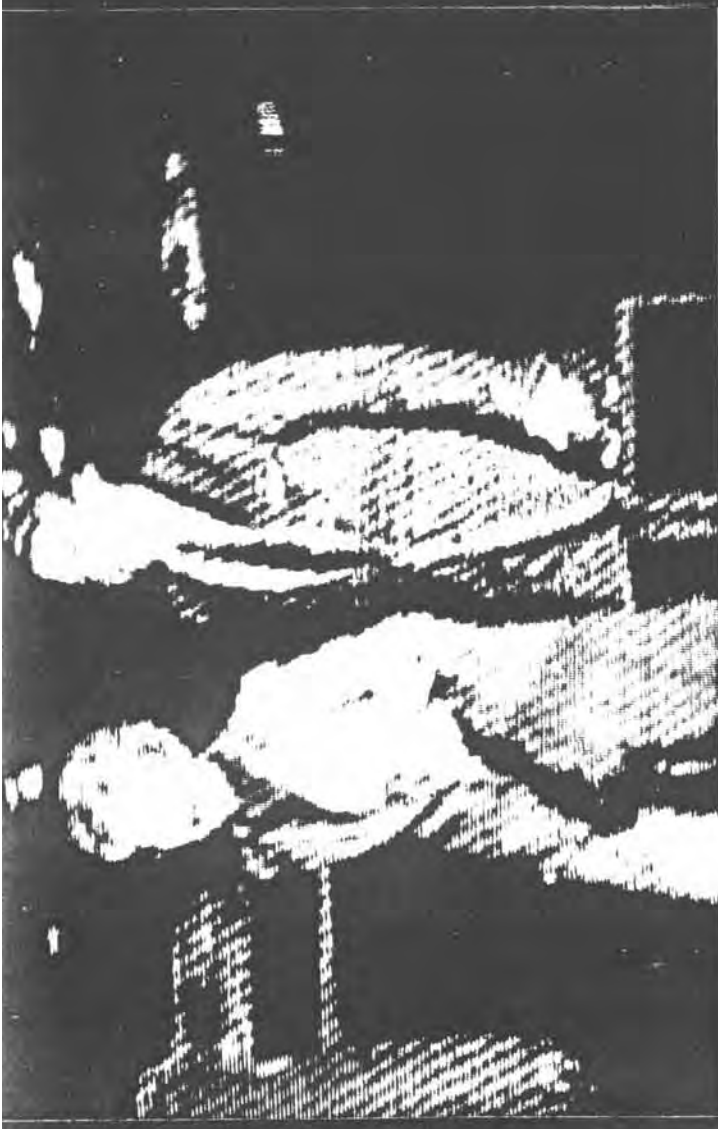
Combine all ingredients, medium-size bowl; toss lightly. Chill ahead, chill in a large bowl. Serving generous. Toss with lettuce and potatoes, if you like.

LEARN WHERE THE MEAT COMES FROM

use a washtub.

CAT, CHAT—Domestic cat whose edible meat has a flavour halfway between that of rabbit and that of hare. Cat's meat has often been eaten in periods of famine or of siege. In the cook-shops the cat is often used in the making of rabbit fricassées. Examination of the bones would easily enable one, in case of doubt, to distinguish between the one animal and the other.


Jean



VIDEO TAPES
PRICE CHARGES AND BILLS
INTERPRET A HOLLYWOOD
LEGEND FOR A COUNTRY
LEGION WITH 50 TOPGUNS
BY A GOOD TO BE GREAT
DUAL FUEL CALLS FOR
PASSION

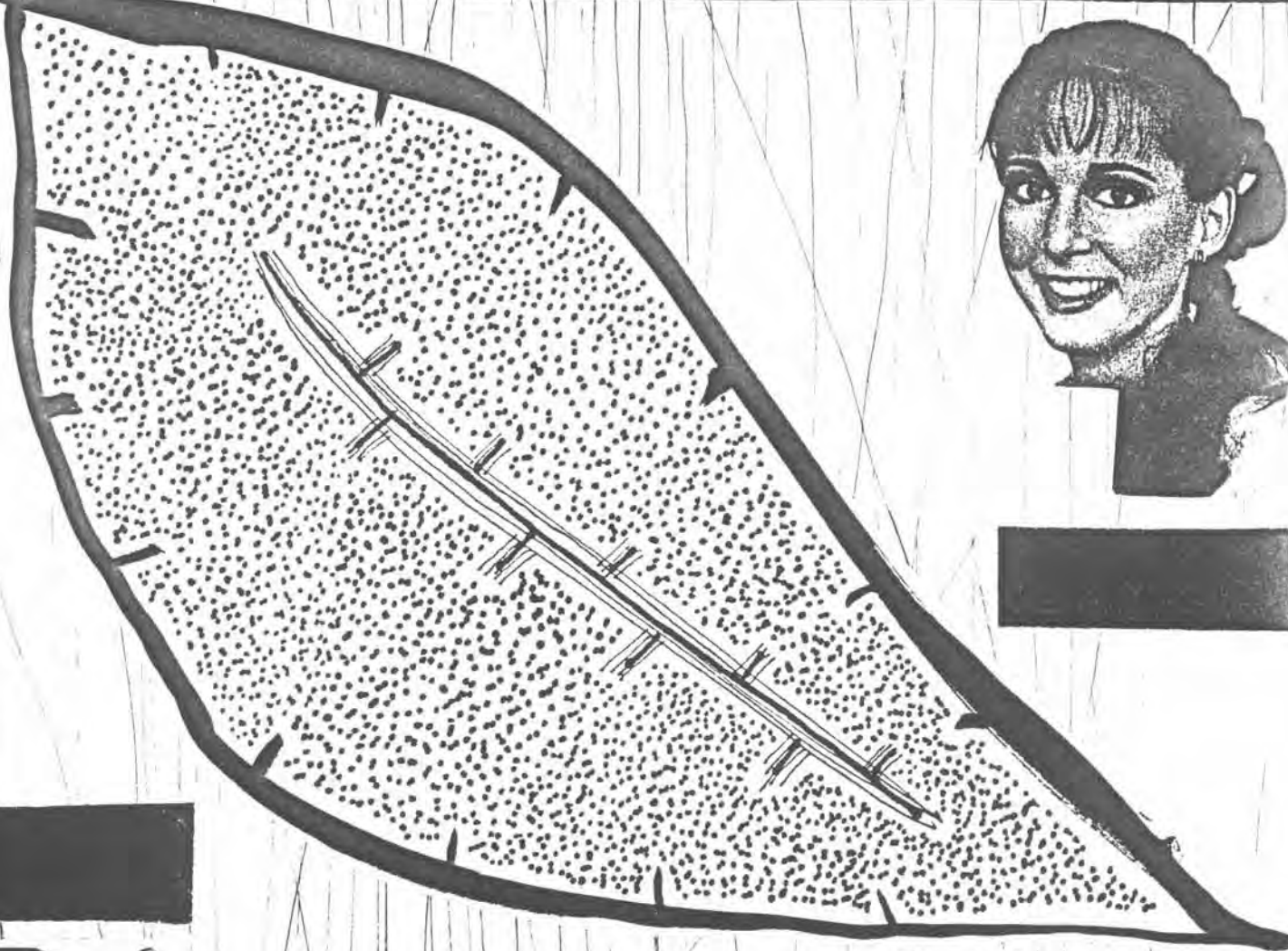


NOT FOR
NOW JAN 9
TIME 7:51:26



they went their separate ways as
down in a snowstorm on June
Hemisphere.

lions of years old and
Flying Fortress. The wrecked plan
forever link their lives.

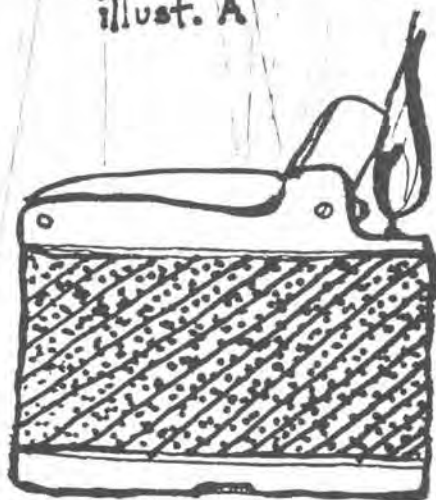


illust. A

S

Plant Tips

Once I had a plant that absolutely refused to grow. I tried all the usual methods to encourage it, but it just sat there dying. It bugged the hell out of me and one day I had had enough. I held a flame to a few leaf tips (see illust. A) while I told the plant in very nasty tones I would burn the whole damn thing. The results were amazing and my other plants also smartened up.



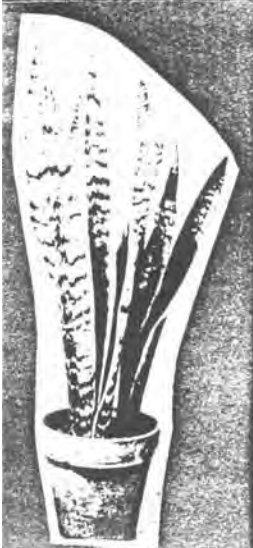
Aren't Gardeners Queer?

Gardeners are queer—even they know it. As one of them, I acknowledge it. Not only queer, but queer-looking. The typical specimen is middle-aged to elderly. Unfortunately, only ~~rarely~~ does a youthful spirit realize that there can be fun, excitement, and satisfaction in such a seemingly staid and static hobby as gardening. Therefore, most of the he's (or, more likely, she's) who do have peculiarities that people are heir to, fat, ~~forgets~~—and beyond.

Also (and I trust I am not indelicate in mentioning it) gardeners really typical of the genus are unhappily afflicted with derrières.

gardener—one with regulation head, legs, and feet, but with the middle occupied only by a swivel? My, how a gardener of that design could get around!

Jean



By Mac Everhardt

It was a hot hazy Saturday in the middle of August, and nineteen fourteen year old Rocco was crouched down beside his Harley. His neck was warm beneath the heavy mane of his long black hair and his tanned back glistened in the sun. Beads of sweat trickled down between his shoulder blades and along his bony spine till they gathered wet beneath the waist of his levis. The jeans were threadbare and his hairy smooth ass could be seen poking through in places as he crouched resting on his haunches.

He was checking out his bike. Fiddling with it; making sure that everything was well tuned for the Labour Day Spearhead Run. This would be the first time he had ridden there on his own bike and he was excited. He didn't want anything to go wrong; anything to spoil the fun. Drugs, friends, sex and beer! It was a great way to end the summer he thought.

Standing up he brushed the hair from his eyes with greasy fingers and wiped his sweaty forehead with the back of his hand. He put on his black leather vest and straddled the machine with one foot on the ground. Closing his eyes he opened the clutch, throttling it. Playing with the clutch and the gas he felt the bike roar, come to life. Smiling he opened his eyes, kicked back the kickstand and eased the motorcycle out of the driveway onto the street. Then he roared off.

He rode through the city along shady streets of sandblasted row houses, past cheap apartment blocks and ugly highrises. He rode past antique stores, book stores, expensive boutiques and open air vegetable markets. He zipped around streetcars, bouncing on their tracks. And he aimed himself mischievously at suburban teenagers who had the nerve to come downtown. But eventually he left the tall office towers, the chic downtown restaurants, and the exclusive luxury condominiums behind as he headed north along the highway out of the city, into the country, into the Caledon Hills.

Once safely out on the country roads Rocco felt the city's tensions fall away. He relaxed and let the bike out full. His thighs hugged the machine tightly and he felt it take over, humming with power. His vest flapped behind him like black wings, and the wind whipped his hair as if it was a black flag. His mouth was set in a fierce sensuous smile under his moustache. His nostrils widened. His dark eyes burnt like holes in the sun and the wind roared in his ears. He felt totally alive, content. He had reached that sensuous harmony of body and machine.

Where the road was unpaved and relatively untravellered he weaved in and out of the white traffic lines like some powerful mythical beast. He rode past quiet well laid out farms where the rows of corn clicked beside him like a picket fence. He passed water towers, grain silos, large stone farmhouses and contented black and white cows. But soon he turned deeper into the hills where the roads were unpaved. He jostled bouncing and rocking over those back country roads where the stones spun out beneath his wheels. He pitted himself against the suddenly rising hills and careened down the other side as if the world was a huge roller coaster.

Driving on for another hour he reached his favorite part of the Caledon Hills. Everything was quiet here except for the birds and his bike. Trees met overhead shading the road, dappling it with golden spots where the sun pushed through the leaves. He slowed down to take in the scenery. Abandoned ivy covered farmhouses were set well back from the road, their empty windows and hanging doors becoming him mysteriously. He rode on past weathered barns where one wall or the roof had fallen in weary after all these years of neglect. And occasionally he would pass quaint old farmsteads where old families still lived tending their small plots on the hills. Then strange faces would peer at him from attic windows. But Rocco continued riding through the dappled shade thinking, dreaming, watching.

Rocco crested a slight hill and began his way down the other side. He was so deep in thought that he was quite startled to see what was below him. Further along the road on his right an old blue pick up truck was pulled over to the side. Its hood was propped up and two men were bent over, tinkering with the motor. They turned around as they heard him coming and one of them waved him down.

He cut his motor and idled in till he was even with the truck. The men smiled at him and said hello. Rocco noticed one of the men glancing at his crotch and he smiled back intrigued by the possibilities. At a glance both men appeared to be in their late thirties. They were well built and of medium height, wearing frayed levis and workboots. Both were dark but the bearded one was darker than the other.

They explained what was wrong with the pick up and asked if Rocco had a wrench. Putting up his kickstand he searched in his toolkit. He found a wrench that looked like it would do and soon all three were bent over the motor. The air was hot and humid and Rocco was intensely aware of the nearness of the two men. Jake, the moustached one in the denim jacket, kept smiling at him over the motor with his pale blue eyes. And Mat, the one in the leather jacket, had his leg pressed firmly against Rocco's.

Mat climbed into the cab and tried the motor. When it caught they all smiled, wiping their dirty hands on their jeans. Jake

slapped him on the back in thanks and Rocco was aware that his hand rested there longer than necessary. What exactly are these two up to he wondered. He turned towards Mat to check him out. Mat smiled at him through the open door of the truck and asked where he was from. Rocco told him and they began to talk about the city.

Soon Rocco felt Jake come up behind him pushing his groin firmly against his ass. Jake's left hand reached around in front and he began to stroke Rocco's crotch. His right hand slipped under Rocco's right arm and reached across his chest feeling under the vest for his nipple. When he found it he pinched the nipple twisting it slightly. Rocco looked up from his groin where Jake was beginning to undo his fly and saw Mat smiling at him. Still seated in the cab he was massaging a hard on inside his jeans.

"Would you like to come back to our place and smoke a joint?" he asked.

The blue pick up pulled out onto the road and Rocco followed it feeling hot and horny. They drove on for about twenty minutes, deeper into the hills. He didn't know where they were going, but he was looking forward to arriving. His cock lay hard against his leg, held tight by his jeans. His thighs hugged the humming machine tightly. And the bike's constant vibration over the stony road teased his ass. The truck in front kicked up dust clouds behind it. And he could barely make out the two heads in the back window. I wonder what they're talking about, he thought. I wonder what they're doing. He smiled. All in all this was turning into quite the tune-up. He felt ready for almost anything.

The pick up slowed down to let him catch up. The dust clouds drifted away and he saw Mat's arm motioning that they were going to turn into a narrow lane on their right. He followed them and saw a mailbox by the side of the road. "THE HANG TEN, M. Tomlinson, J. Willers" he read. He laughed aloud and beeped his horn.

For about two hundred yards they followed a straight narrow lane bordered on both sides by a row of tall thin elm trees. Beyond the elms he could see freshly plowed fields on either side. At the end of the lane they came upon a large grey stone farm house with a white painted porch in front. Two rocking chairs rested on the porch and chickens, ducks and black goats milled about in the yard in front. Off to the side, at a short distance, he saw a large grey barn and four horses in a corral attached to it.

The pick up stopped in front of the farmhouse and three small feisty dogs came running in from the fields to greet Jake and Mat. When Rocco pulled up alongside the truck the dogs transferred their attention to him, barking and sniffing at his heels.

Jake shoed the dogs away saying "Come on into the house. You must be thirsty after that ride."

Mat disappeared into the barn and Rocco followed Jake into the house. They went up onto the porch and in through the front door. He found himself in a large square entrance way. Through a door on the right he saw what appeared to be a large bright library or workshop. On the left there was a fair sized living room with a grey fieldstone fireplace. He noticed that the furniture looked expensive. Directly in front of him a broad stair case led up to the second floor. Beside the staircase a long hallway led to the back of the house. Rocco followed Jake along the hallway into the kitchen. It was large, bright and airy. A perfect country kitchen. The room was dominated by a round wooden table with eight chairs set around it. A large picture window over the sink looked out onto the fields in back. Jake threw his keys onto the table and opened the fridge.

"What can I get you, we've got 50, EX, Blue and Brador?"

"An EX would be great" Rocco answered.

"Good I'll have one too, why don't you sit down and get comfortable", he smiled at Rocco and winked.

Jake pulled the beer out of the fridge and Rocco sat down at the table. In the centre of the table he noticed a pile of magazines. Blueboy, Honcho, In Touch, Drummer. He picked one up to look at it.

"Just like home, eh?" Jake said putting the beer in front of him and then pulling a bag of grass and rolling papers out of a drawer.

Mat came in through the back door and Rocco watched them look at each other. He drank his cold beer and prepared himself for whatever they were plotting. His erection came back as he thought about the possibilities. He looked over at Mat and the fridge and noticed that he had one too. Mat caught his glance and came over and sat down at the table across from him.

"So what do you do when you're not going home with strange men?" he asked.

"I'm an artist and I work at an art supply store in the city," Rocco answered. "And you, how long have you two had the farm?"

So the three of them began to talk. They sat around the table drinking beer, smoking joints, and talking about sex, art, music, farming, and city life. While Jake was rolling the third joint Mat suggested that Rocco should take off his heavy leather boots in order to make himself more comfortable. He did. And as they smoked that joint Jake got up and came around the table. Standing next to Rocco he helped him off with his vest. Then he sat down next to him and started caressing his leg. Mat got up from the table and got them both another beer.

While they were talking about the bars

2 guilty in sexual assault

By PAUL BILODEAU
Staff Writer

Two Sherbourne St. "bisexuals" were found guilty yesterday of indecent assault and forcible confinement of a 16-year-old boy last September.

"I find the accused resorted to physical violence to satisfy their sexual passions through the capturing of their young prey," county court Judge George Ferguson said in his judgment after a week-long trial.

Bruce Joseph Tearse, 29, and Ray Stanley Williams, 34, will be sentenced April 6. The judge found them not guilty of buggery and made no finding on overlapping charges of gross indecency and assault causing bodily harm.

THEY ABUSED BOY TO SATISFY PASSION

Madden pleaded guilty to buggery and forcible confinement and was sentenced to nine years in prison for the incident and for a Sudbury buggery rap.

Judge Ferguson noted the boy's testimony at trial differed in many details from testimony he had given at a preliminary hearing and in a statement to police after the incident.

"I find (the youth) to be quite a credible witness with respect to the facts of what happened during that night of horror, but I'm sure he is attempting to forget what happened that night," Ferguson said.

During the trial, the boy had become unnerved during cross-examination by defence lawyers and at one point left the witness box and threatened to "put a bullet" in Williams.

Tearse, who worked at a Parliament St. doughnut shop, is a liar for denying that he knew the boy was in being abused by Madden in the apartment, Ferguson said. "I conclude (Tearse) lied on many occasions because of his fear of Madden and Williams," he said.

And the judge said Williams, upon receiving medical welfare for a fight, must have known "do with the boy."

Male victim abused by men in van

Metro police are hunting for three masked kidnappers who grabbed a Toronto man off a downtown street and sexually assaulted him while he was handcuffed and blindfolded.

Police said the unidentified 21-year-old was walking on Bloor St. E. near Church St. about 11:30 p.m. Saturday when three men grabbed him, pulled him into a van and drove off.

During the ride the men blindfolded and handcuffed the victim and sexually abused him before dumping him on Bloor St.

The victim was treated at Toronto General Hospital and released.

All suspects are described as male whites aged between 30 and 40. One, weighing about 200 lbs., was wearing jeans, a black leather jacket and a bandana covering part of his face. Another suspect was also wearing a black leather jacket. All wore masks.

Scouts branded with hanger

cutting attorney Paul Oesterreicher. Gatzmeyer remained jailed in lieu of \$10,000 bond. Willard posted the same amount of bond and was freed. They are scheduled to appear before Judge Richard Chamier Aug. 28. The scouts, aged 12 to 15, allegedly were branded on the buttocks and one received additional brands on both arms Saturday, the sheriff's office said. The campers told authorities Gatzmeyer sat on their legs while Willard applied the heated coat hanger. After branding the boys, Gatzmeyer and Willard gave each other brands on the buttocks, the youths claim. Michael Williams, father of Michael Todd Williams, 12, said his son earlier had complained about the boys' club. "My boy said he wanted to quit the Scouts the last few weeks but didn't say why," Williams said.

MOBERLY, Mo. (UPI) — Felony assault charges were brought against two Boy Scout leaders yesterday for allegedly pressing a hot coat hanger into the buttocks of six campers. Scoutmaster J.B. Gatzmeyer, 37, and assistant scoutmaster Kenneth Willard, 19, were charged with six counts of felony assault each for "branding" the campers during a weekend camping trip in Huntsville, Mo., said assistant prose-

in the city, Mat asked Rocco what he liked to do in bed. "Almost anything, if the other person gets off on it" Rocco answered truthfully. His eyes shining. "Perhaps it doesn't even have to be in bed" Jake suggested wetting his lips. "Sure! Doesn't matter to me. Sex is Sex. Fun is Fun." Rocco answered, looking at Mat, wondering. He put his hand on Jake's crotch and began to squeeze it. Jake's hand slipped up into Rocco's crotch and squeezed his cock in return. Mat still sitting at the table looked at Rocco with his piercing black eyes. "Give me your right hand" he said. Rocco lifted his hand off Jake's crotch and stuck it across the table towards Mat. Mat held it by the wrist for a moment and then slipped Rocco's watch off saying "We don't want this to get broken." Feeling naked without his watch, Rocco suddenly became aware as Mat had intended that he was almost naked. He was sitting at the table dressed only in his jeans. The other two men were both still fully clothed. Boots, shirts, jeans. Jake even had his denim jacket on still. A sexual tremor ran down Rocco's spine. His cock throbbed, and his nipples tingled. He smiled at Mat, and put his hand back on Jake's crotch. "So do you like to play games?" Mat asked after a moment's silence. "Sure" Rocco responded, drinking his beer, feeling ready. Jake's hand had left his cock and was now teasing his balls. Mat picked up a magazine from the pile in the centre of the table and leafed through it while drinking his beer. He stopped after a while and looked up at Rocco, his eyes shining. "How about this?" he said pushing the magazine across the table. Rocco looked down and saw a picture of two naked men. One was handcuffed with his hands raised high above his head. His toes barely touched the ground and the other man was fucking him from behind while twisting his nipples. "Sure. Looks like fun." Rocco said downing the last of his beer. "Great. Jake will take you to the barn" Mat announced, getting up from the table and leaving the room. So now we know who the nipple twister is thought Rocco. Jake finished his beer and stood up. "Well are you ready" he asked. Rocco followed him out the back door and across the yard towards the barn. It was early evening by now and though the sun was still out the breeze was cool across his shoulders. His feet felt exposed against the gravel. When they entered the barn Rocco looked around and saw stalls, tractors, a station wagon, aluminum ladders and miscellaneous farm machinery. Probably one of the stalls he thought to himself. But Jake led him past all the stalls towards a steel ladder that stood upright at the far end of the barn. The ladder poked through a hole in the floor above, and Jake began to climb it telling Rocco to be careful since the rungs were slippery in bare feet. He followed Jake up the ladder and emerged in a huge loft. What a playroom he thought to himself as he followed Jake down the middle of the loft. About three quarters of the way down the room they passed beneath two tall wooden posts that had another beam connecting them across the top. A heavy chain hung from a hook in the centre beam. Just beyond this empty frame they stopped. "Stay here and take off your jeans" Jake said. He left Rocco there and went over to a long table that stood centred against the left wall. Rocco took off his jeans. His long cock was semi-erect and his heart was beating with anticipation. Before he could have a good look around the room Jake came back. "Give me your hands" Rocco stuck them out before him and Jake put handcuffs on his wrists. "Now sit down." The barn boards felt cool against his ass. Jake knelt down in front of him and reached between Rocco's legs. He took his cock, harder now, and stroked it. Weighed it in the palm of his hand. Then he squeezed it and let it go with a slight twist. He took Rocco's left leg and strapped a broad leather ankle cuff around the ankle. Then he did the same thing with the right ankle. Both ankle cuffs had small steel rings attached to them. Now Jake slipped a large steel ring through both of the smaller rings so that Rocco's ankles were brought together. There was an old iron ring embedded in the floor just before Rocco and Jake slipped the larger steel ring through it. Then he took Rocco's cuffed hands and brought them down between his legs so that they rested on his ankles. He slipped the handcuffs into the steel ring and snapped it shut. Jake then got up and returned to the table leaving Rocco sitting bare assed on the floor. His hands and his feet were both attached to the iron ring embedded in the floor before him and his knees were bent up into the air. It wasn't particularly comfortable, but it wasn't uncomfortable either. As long as I don't get a sliver in my ass, thought Rocco. Jake returned carrying a heavy iron collar. He stepped around behind Rocco and slipped it around his neck. There was a small ring attached to the front of the collar at his throat. After snapping the collar shut, Jake went to both sides of the room directly parallel to Rocco and threw open two large windows. The evening air came in and chilled him.

Jake came in and knelt in front of him again. He stroked Rocco's cock and held it tight. He twisted his left nipple till it hurt and kissed him heavily on the mouth. Rocco returned the kiss thinking this was the start of things. But Jake pulled away and stood facing him. His cock could be seen hard beneath his jeans. Slowly he began to unzip his fly. He reached his hand into his jeans, but he changed his mind and turned away from Rocco. He walked towards the ladder and disappeared down the hole. Rocco was left alone. Probably gone to get dressed, Rocco thought. He looked around the room. From where he was chained he could see almost everything. Through the window on his right he could see the farmhouse, the yard and the blue pick up. On the window on his left he saw ploughed fields. At the far end of the room, to the right of the hole where the ladder emerged, a double mattress lay on the floor. To the left of the hole he saw a wooden stretch rack, a pillory, and some stocks. In the middle of the room against the left wall stood the table where Jake had gotten the cuffs. On the wall above the table Rocco chains, whips, and ropes of various weights and lengths. He took his time and identified a dog whip, three varieties of riding crops, a many lashed whip where each lash was folded back into a loop, a wicked looking cat o' nine tails, some wooden paddles, a couple of birches, a few leather straps of various thicknesses and some heavy studded belts. Next to the table stood a fridge. That's where they must keep their beer for their orgies he thought. On the other side of the room, across from the table, a shiny new leather harness hung from the ceiling. Also hanging from the ceiling were various lengths of chains ending in steel rings. Steel rings were also bolted against the wall at various heights. The only thing that seemed to be missing was a single round pillar to be tied to, and he imagined he would see that behind him. He turned around and it was there. Sitting on the cool floor the evening breeze caressed his shoulders. For twenty minutes he listened to the sounds of the farm, the sounds of the country. He felt the heavy collar around his neck. He felt the ankle straps and the handcuffs. His muscles were beginning to ache. And he began to fantasize. His cock became hard again. It rested against his lower arm and he began to rub his arm against it. Then he hears footsteps below him. Bootsteps. He heard them walking across the concrete floor towards the ladder. Then he saw the ladder move as someone put their weight on it. A leather hooded head bobbed up through the hole and stared straight at him. Since the hood only covered the head from the nose up, Rocco could tell by the black beard that it was Mat. He emerged from the hole and came steadily towards him, stopping about five feet away. Piercing black eyes stared at Rocco through the hood. He wore the hood, a leather vest, a heavy studded belt, chaps and black boots with silver spurs. In his black gloved hand he carried a cruelly thin riding crop. His left hand was bare and played with his thick semi hard cock that hung between his legs nestled in the thick mat of hair that covered his groin, belly, chest, arms and legs. He stared at Rocco for the longest time. Then he stomped his boot on the floor twice and the ladder moved with the weight of some one else. Another leatherhooded man emerged from the hole, naked save for a black harness that crossed his chest and tied at the waist. He had leather cuffs on his wrists and ankles, and his hood covered his whole face except for the eyes. There was a hole for his mouth but it was zipped shut. His long hard uncircumcized cock bobbed in front of him as he walked. He came up and stood off to the side behind Mat. He's hot, Rocco thought to himself. They've been playing together while I've been waiting. He felt hot and excited. Dangerous. His cock rose against and his lower arm and he began rubbing it again. "Stop that!" Mat commanded. He came over and stared down at Rocco. He bent over and raised his face up holding it by the chin. He stuck his gloved fingers into Rocco's mouth and moved them around, teasing. Rocco smelt the leather. Tasted the leather. Mat let go of Rocco's face and put his boot up on his raised knee. "Lick it! Clean it!" Rocco leant over towards the boot. He stuck out his tongue and awkwardly began to lick the boot. "I can't see your tongue!" Rocco stuck his tongue out further and licked the boot some more. The leather was smooth and polished. Though it wasn't really dirty he cleaned it thoroughly turning his now and then to get a better angle. While Rocco was cleaning his boot, Mat turned his head towards Jake saying "Get the birches!" Jake went over to the table, doing his Master's bidding. He returned with two thin birch rods and gave them to Mat. Mat took his boot off Rocco's knee and and stepped back, riding crop in one hand, birch rods in the other. "String him up between the posts!" Jake bent down and unlocked the steel ring that held Rocco's wrists and ankles to the iron ring in the floor. He helped Rocco up and guided him into the empty frame. Reaching above him Jake pulled down the chain that was attached to the centre of the beam. He looped it through the handcuffs and standing on a footrest he attached the loose end to the centre beam again. Now Rocco



ONE OF the Boy Scouts allegedly branded by scoutmasters during a weekend camping trip displays his brand. The parents requested his face not be shown.

stood between the two posts, his arms raised above his head, his feet barely touching the ground.

Mat was over at the table and Rocco concentrated his attention on his silver spurs. Jake was behind him running his hands over his ass, sliding them in between his cheeks, grabbing his cheeks, cupping them, sliding his hands down between his legs, playing with his balls and pulling his cock down towards the ground. He slid his hand back and forth against his balls. Rocco felt hot, horny, ready.

Mat came back from the table and stood watching. "Play with his nipples!" he said.

Jake pushed his body up against Rocco's, lifting him even further off the ground. His cock stood between the cheeks of Rocco's ass. He reached around and across chest with his right hand playing with the left nipple. Holding it. Twisting it. It was beginning to hurt. His left hand reached around Rocco's body and down. It held his cock and stroked it up and down. Gently.

"His nipples, I said!" Mat commanded.

Jake let go of Rocco's cock and started massaging both nipples with his hands. He'd pinch them gently. Then quickly and hard. He'd twist them and hold. Then he'd grab the whole chest with his hands, squeezing. All the time he was pushing against Rocco's ass with his cock. Soon Rocco was writhing in a combination of pain and pleasure. Too much pleasure, then too much pain. He'd try to pull away from Jake's body but Jake's arms would pull him back.

"Tie his legs to the posts!"

Jake let Rocco go and stooped to do his Master's bidding. He slipped the small steel rings that were on the ankle cuffs onto hooks set low on the posts. Then he locked the hooks shut. While he was doing this Mat came towards Rocco and attached tit clamps to his nipples. His nipples screamed through his body with pain. And Mat stuck his fingers in his mouth again. Then he attached a long thin chain to the ring on Rocco's collar. He bent down and snapped a cockring around Rocco's cock and balls. Attached to the cockring was another long thin chain. Then he stepped back about five feet holding both chains loosely in front of him.

"Now that his legs are spread, you can play with his ass!" he told Jake.

While Rocco was still adjusting to the pain that the tit clamps had sent through his body, Jake started playing with his ass again. The fingers of one hand went exploring. Searching for his hole. They massaged his asshole, teasing it. They widened it, slipped in and out of it. The other hand played with the back of his balls, his lower ass, between his legs. The fingers of the other hand were working their way into his ass and Rocco wanted to get fucked. He started moaning, moving his ass back onto the fingers. In front Mat began to pull on the chains. Softly at first, then with more force. The more that Rocco wanted those fingers in his ass, the more he moved his ass, the more that Mat would pull his body away from the hand. Two sudden jerks pulled his body completely away.

"Stop using the hands. Use these!" Mat held out the two thin birch rods.

When Jake came around to get the rods Rocco relaxed his body momentarily. He looked at them both and saw then play with each others cocks for awhile, looking into each others hooded eyes. Mat handed the rods to Jake and Jake stood behind him again.

"Slowly, gently."

Jake began to whip his lower legs. Short sharp hits. Not too much power. Just enough to make the legs tingle. First the right leg, then the left. Short sharp blows. Jake began to work his way up to Rocco's upper legs, just below the ass. The quiet pain, the tingling spread. Now Jake was aiming the blows onto his ass. Short sharp cutting blows. Rocco began to strain away from the birch.

"Harder!"

Jake began to slap the birch rods harder against Rocco's burning ass. Rocco moved away from the blows but his legs were held against the posts. He tried to turn his body but Mat held it straight with the chains. His breath began to come in short spurts. Then he noticed that Mat was masturbating himself. His thick round cock was sliding in and out of his gloved hand.

The blows came harder still and Rocco tried to turn and look at Jake, but instead he looked out the window. It was dark now, quiet except for the chirping of the crickets and the barking of the dogs. The farm house was lit up.

"OK, enough. Get the riding crop and the leather belt."

Jake stopped whipping him and came over to Mat. He took the riding crop from his hand and undid the heavy studded belt from his waist. Then Mat came over to Rocco and held his cock with his gloved hand. The leather hand felt warm on his cock Rocco noticed. Mat began to masturbate them both at the same speed. then he put their cocks together side along side and began again. He stroked them together at the same time, at the same speed. Rocco was quite hard. He liked the heat coming from Mat's cock.

Jake was behind him again, softly hitting his upper legs with the riding crop. Good solid burning blows began to land on his upper legs. Jake worked over his legs, and began to hit him on the ass. Good solid clean cutting blows. All this time Mat held the chains loosely and stroked their cocks together. Rocco's body began to pull away from the blows and his cock slid along Mat's as he pulled away, almost as if he was fuck-

ing it. But he was almost yelling getting wild, thrashing around against Mat who held his cock tightly, who held the chain tightly.

"OK. Enough! The Belt!" Mat pulled away from Rocco's body giving his cock a slight twist as he let go. He stood back and held the chains tautly before him so that Rocco was pulled towards him.

"The Belt!"

Jake slapped the leather studded belt against the right hand post with a hard wallop. Then again. It smacked loudly against the wood. Then he applied it to Rocco's ass. He hit the pillars again, loudly. Then the ass gently. The pillars. Rocco's ass. The pillars. Rocco's ass. He turned around and draped it slowly across his ass so Rocco could feel the cold studs. The studded side hit the pillar. Hard. Then Rocco's ass. Hard. He screamed. Three more solid blows with the leather side while Mat pulled the chains at his throat and around his cock. He only screamed once but he shuddered through the other blows.

His tits hurt. The collar was heavy pulling at his neck. His ass was sore, burning, and the cock ring kept the blood in his cock. The pain tingled. The fantasies mingled. Pleasure was felt in his ass as Jake began to play with his asshole again. The same fingers as before. He knew what Rocco liked. He teased and probed. The other hand playing with his balls he pushed his body close to Rocco's. Mat came and stood before him playing with his cock again, the leather glove on the cock. The other hand twisting the tit clamps again. As Rocco pushed his ass back onto Jake's fingers Mat pulled his chest forward with his tits, and held his cock steady so it slid in and out of the gloved hand.

Something began to probe his ass, make its way into the hole. It was hard, smooth, leathery, about an inch in diameter. It felt its way stubbornly. It came back out then probed again. It was dry and there was no lubricant. It began to hurt. Jake's hand held him tight around the waist while his other hand pushed the object up his ass. Suddenly he realized it was the handle of the riding crop. It went in and up and stayed there tight. He pushed and writhed to get it out while the two men ran their hands over his body, his chest, his cock, his balls, his ass.

Suddenly it was pulled out with a jerk. And just as suddenly Jake's long hard cock entered his ass. Rocco felt it slide up the passage prepared for it by the riding crop. And Jake began to pump it in and out, move it around back and forth. It slid in and out over and over. Now Rocco was hot and moved his ass with Jake's strokes. Jake's cock was large and it hurt a bit but that didn't matter. He wanted it. He wanted to get fucked. Now!

Mat stood before him letting his cock slide in and out of his gloved hand. Letting it slide along next to his cock, next to its heat. The heat was building steadily, hotly. Jake pulled his cock out of Rocco's ass and teased him with its head. Rocco moved his ass around trying to thrust it on top of Jake's cock, but Jake kept moving his cock around, away. All the time Mat was jerking their cocks together.

Rocco hung there feeling hot and out of control. He wanted his orgasm desperately. He wanted to jerk himself off. He wanted to get fucked. He wanted to come. Fuck them both.

Then Jake entered his ass again and began to fuck him in earnest. Solid blows up his ass as far as he could push his cock. One hand played with Rocco's nipples, the other held him tightly around the waist. He was fucking him so hard he was raising Rocco's feet off the ground, pulling them away from the posts. His cock slide in and out, in and out.

Mat let go of his own cock and began to jerk Rocco steadily with his powerful gloved hand.

Jake was fucking him. Mat was jerking him. Both together. Then he felt Jake rising to his climax. His hips thrust against Rocco lifting him off the ground. And then he came thrusting thrusting forward, his hood muffling his groans. He stayed in Rocco holding him tightly while Mat tried to jerk him to climax. Jake began to push his cock again and again and Rocco began to come, hanging there, thrusting his hips out, thrusting his hips out, thrusting his cock into that gloved hand.

When he opened his eyes he saw Mat's hand still around his cock, the glove covered in come. He was tired, spent, exhausted.

Jake pulled his cock out of Rocco's ass slowly. Then he came around and knelt in front of Mat. Rocco hung there and watched them. Mat unzipped Jake's mouth and put his cock in the hooded hole. He was hot and ready and it wouldn't take much. His hands were clutched in Jake's hair, and Jake's hands were cupped around Mat's ass bringing him closer, pushing his cock deeper into his mouth. Rocco watched Mat rock back and forth, in and out, in and out.

Mat pumped his cock in the hooded hole and stared at Rocco with his piercing black eyes. Then he came in Jake's mouth moaning.

Later after their showers they sat in the living room in bathrobes and drank brandy and talked. It was much too late for Rocco to find his way home so he was invited to spend the night. They would have brunch tomorrow. Perhaps play again. And then go into the city for a drink.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS! Tam Paton, former manager of the Bay City Rollers, has been arrested in Scotland and charged with alleged "acts of gross indecency" with boys between the ages of 13 and 19. And we always thought the Rollers' cute boy image was all just a con!

'Cane King' rules school with pain

By DICK DONOVAN

Young boys in a secluded private school are being brutally whipped with canes by a cruel headmaster who proudly keeps a diary of the pain he dishes out.

And when two boys have a petty quarrel, he forces them to slug it out in a bloody, bare-fisted fight while their classmates and teachers urge them on.

Those are the shocking charges leveled against "King of the Cane," Derek Slade, founder and headmaster of St. George's School in Great Finborough, England.

St. George's is housed in an ivy-covered, centuries-old mansion nestled on a vast estate in the rolling English countryside.

It is one of Britain's finest and most elite schools for boys and is among those considered for the future education of heir-to-the-throne Prince William, the infant son of Prince Charles and Princess Diana.

"The Royal Family was most dismayed to learn of the trouble at St. George's," a Buckingham Palace spokesman told The NEWS. "Such conduct — the harsh



'King of the Cane' Derek Slade forced boys to have bare-fisted fights while their classmates urged them on.

treatment of children — can never be condoned.

"However, the Queen, as well as the Prince and Princess, will closely watch the investigation into the allegations of brutality before making any decision on

St. George's as a future school for Prince William."

The charges against Slade were made by a group of former teachers who resigned in protest to the school's outrageous punishments.

They declared that Slade frequently whipped boys as young as 8 on their bare buttocks with a cane, a stick, a stiff shoe or a cricket bat.

"He organizes 'official fights' with himself as referee," a former teacher said. "He keeps a blow-by-blow account of the fights and a detailed record of the whippings, all written in Greek."

He said Slade urges the boys to write essays about "the whackings I have received."

"Games are played at house parties, including one called 'forfeit,' in which a boy of 9 was required to drink a glass of wine and others were forced to undress," another ex-teacher charged.

The skin-crawling charges of brutality

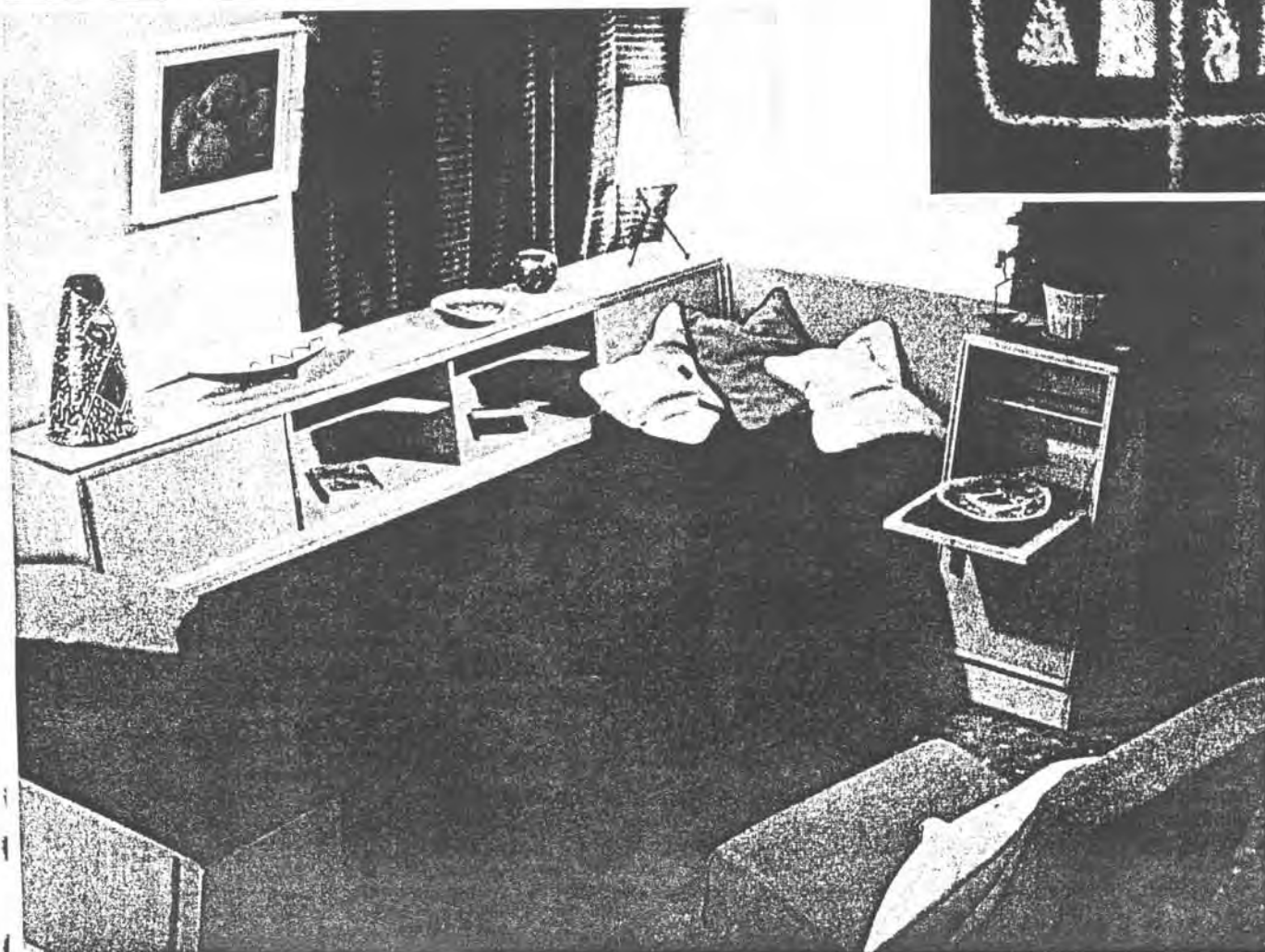
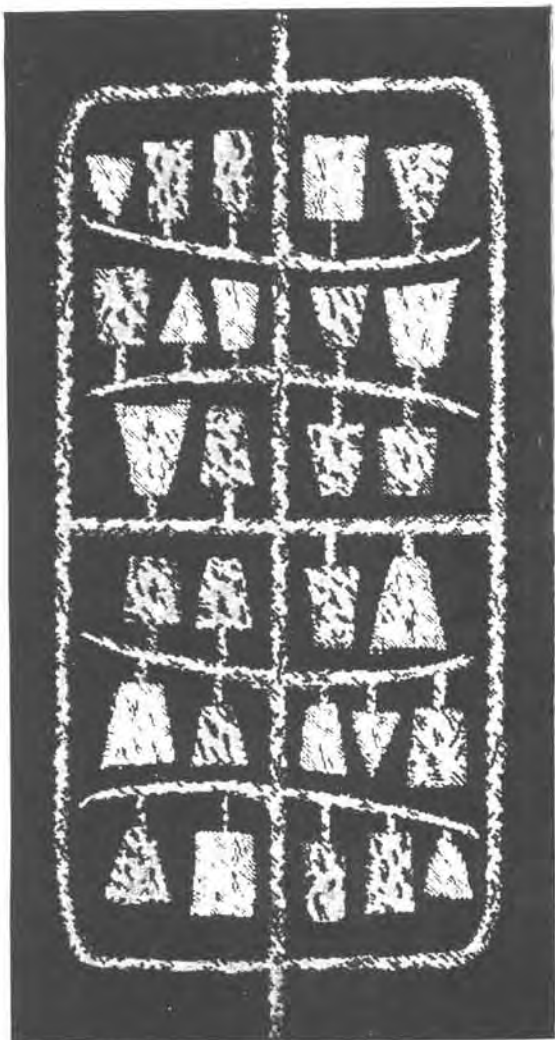
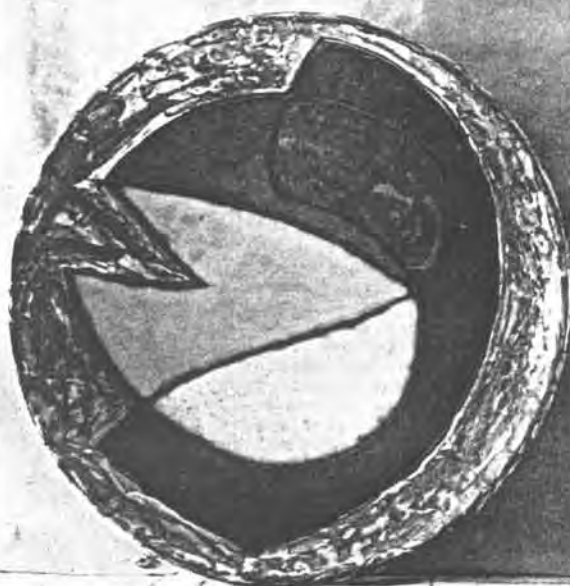
Teacher kept diary of boys' whippings!

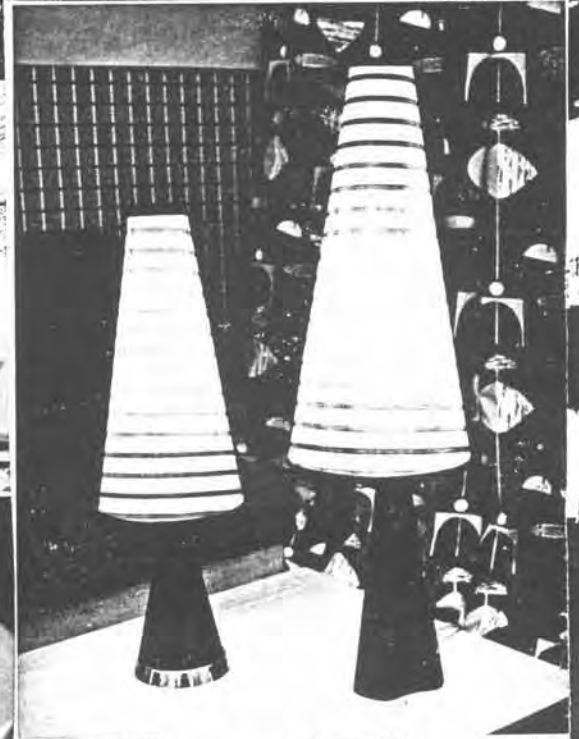
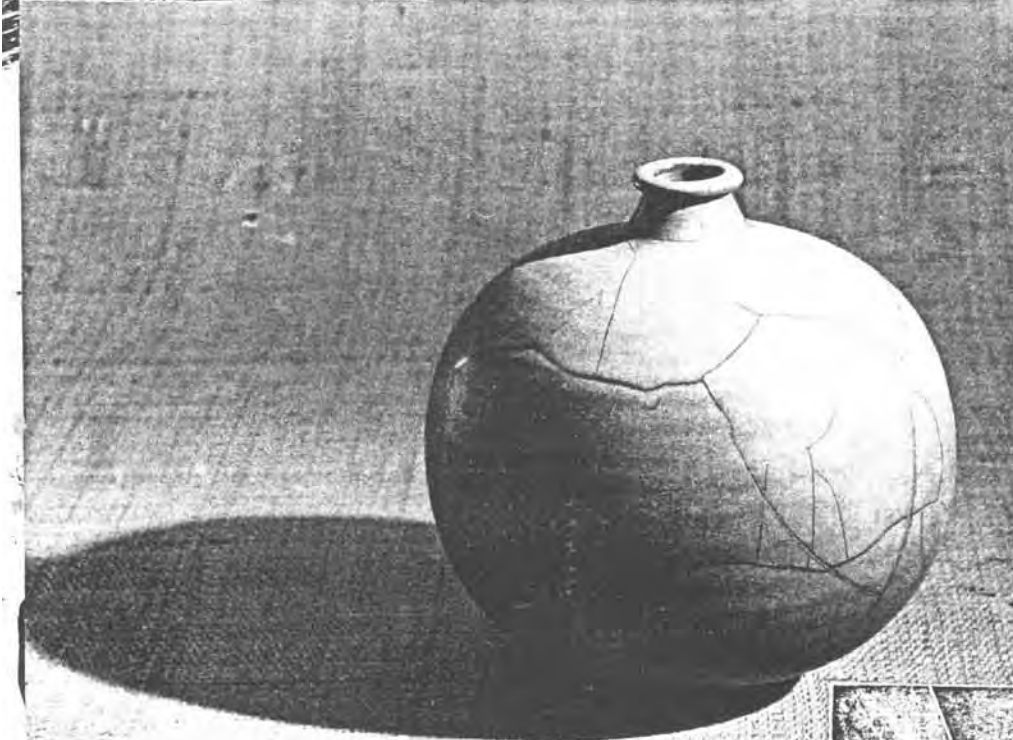
were lodged by nine teachers who backed up their claims with a copy of Slade's whipping diary.

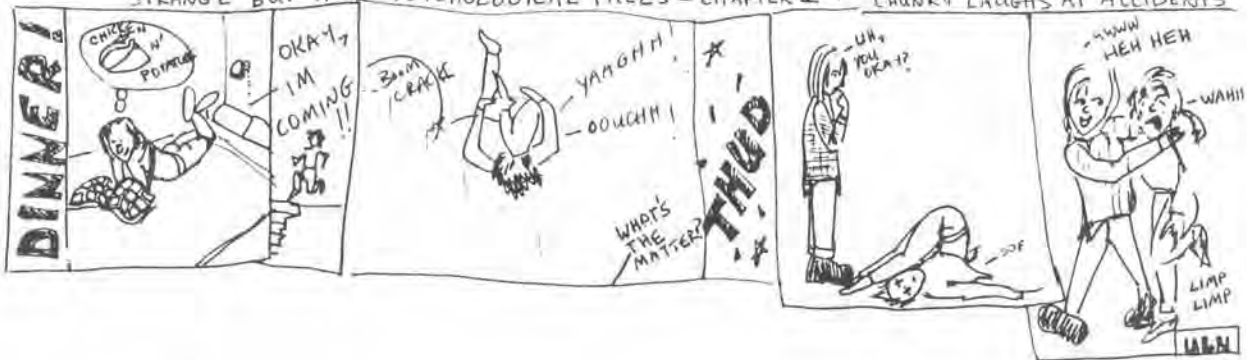
It lists the names of 133 young boys who were forced to bend before the headmaster's slashing cane this year.

"I have never come across a school like this in this century," declared David Freeman, the author of a nationally respected guide to and history of English schools. "It is an unfettered autocracy — a downright tyranny. The school should be closed at once."

The nine ex-teachers have provided authorities with "proof that boys were beaten black and blue and that blood is drawn in the beatings."







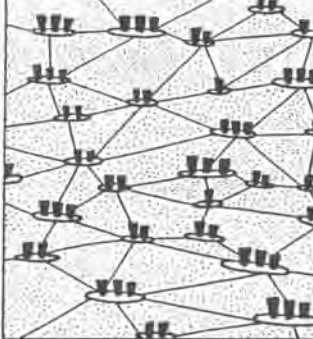
MR. FIX
BUT THE SCENE IS GOING DOWN-HILL FAST, MR. FIX. IT'S GONNA BE THE END OF... OF THE SCENE!



YES, THAT, UH, COULD WELL BE TRUE... OUR SCENE COULD BE DYING... BUT,



IT'S ONLY ONE OF MANY THOUSANDS



THAT FAVORS ONE KIND OF MUSIC OUT OF MANY.



IN ONE COUNTRY OF MANY ON A PLANET.



IN ONE GALAXY OF MANY...



IN ONE SOLAR SYSTEM OF MULTITUDES



YEP PAL, IT'S THE END OF LIFE AS WE KNOW IT !!!



MR. FIX
WITH EVERY GAME IN LIFE THERE ARE OBSTACLES TO OVERCOME



PUNK-PUTT

GETTING IN THE WAY MAKE ME FEEL SO IMPORTANT!



AND THE ONE WHO OVERCOMES THE OBSTACLES BEST IS THE WINNER!!



MR. FIX
A PUNK COMIC CHARACTER'S LIFE IS FULL OF SOCIAL IMPACT...



REFLECTO

YOU GET DRAWN BY A VOYEURIST SOCIAL OUTSIDER THIS'LL MAKE'N REALLY TWITCH!



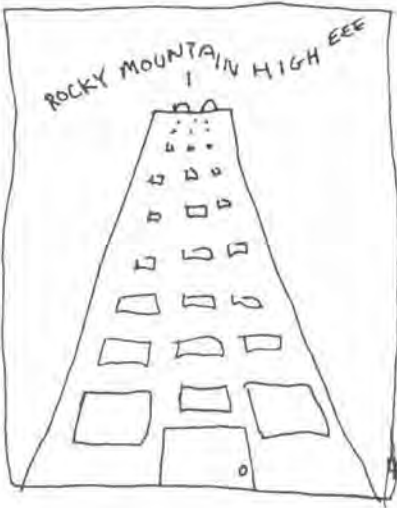
PRINTED IN ZINES BY BORED RICH KIDS WHO THINK YOU'RE SO WEIRD AND YOUR STRIPS COOL 'COS THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND'EM



WHILE CONSTANTLY BEING SPAT UPON, WHAT AN UGLY EXISTENCE!!

CAN'T YOU DRAW ANYTHING ELSE? YOU'RE NO ARTIST.





THE ADVENTURES OF HAPPY & BALLY

THE BOWLING PIN THE BOWLING BALL



FIFTH COLUMN

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BOY, GIRL

THE LEGIONNAIRES

MOISIEUR BEAU CHAMPS

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SOCIETY'S NIGHTMARES

—Bass; Slime Snot X the 3rd—Drums; Beezulbub—Guitar; No Name—
Vocals; Frank—

Slime Snot X—"I saw Frank eating a candy bar at my local variety store one evening. Fuck, I thought, with his looks and that mike techneak of his, he's just the fucking guy to front this outfit. The noise that comes outta that forehead-mike contact man! He's not the first but he's the authority."

BONK BABY BONK.

Bonk Bonk Bonk
Baby
Bonk Bonk Bonk Bonk
Bonk Bonk Bonk
Baby

CHORUS

Bonk Baby Bonk
Bonk Baby , Bonk Baby
Bonk Baby Bonk
Bonk Bonk.

Bonk Bonk Bonk
Bonk Bonk Bonk Bonk
Baby
Bonk Bonk Bonk
BAY BEE

Bonk Bonk Bonk Bonk Bonk Bonk BONK
BONK BONK BONK

CHORUS REPEAT

BUY OUR
SINGLE

Before they
drop the...

BOB DENDER "CRAZY MAN"

